**Tumblr ficlets**

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# Tumblr ficlets

by FhimeChan

Summary

Ficlets I posted on Tumblr.

1) "I want a fic where Hannibal puts a dead body in Will's bed while Will sleeps"
2) "Princess" for #HannibalHallow
3) Over the Garden Wall AU
4) "Murder Mystery" for #HannibalHallow
5) "Dragons" for #HannibalHallow
6) Will and Molly celebrating Halloween, for #ThePumpkinIsPeople
7) Will and Hannibal celebrating Halloween, for the #BloodAndBreathFest
8) University AU
9) "Fairy Godparents" for #HannibalEverAfter
10) Sad post-fall moment
11) Spanking
12) "Pumpkin Spice" for Hannictober 2018
13) "Dusk" for Hannictober 2018
14) "Hard to make a gas chromatography drabble smutty"
15) War Horse
16) "I kissed Alana"
17) “I showed you *insert random thing here* and you’re actually turned on”
18) Crack Soulmates AU

Notes

These are stories I posted on tumblr for fun, for daily prompts or for events.
Now they have their place in here :)

# The corpse in the bed

Chapter Summary

Prompt "I want a fic where Hannibal puts a dead body in Will's bed while Will sleeps" by @cannibalcuisine
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: Teen and up audiences
**Tags**: Crack, Fluff, Tumblr prompt, not beta read, post TWOTL

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke up to the sight of his smiling husband lying on the bed beside a… Will blinked, trying to get rid of the morning fog in front of his eyes.

Beside Hannibal there was a corpse, or at least something that may have been a corpse. Red roses engulfed it from the legs to the arms, the stems tracing an intricate pattern over the body which terminated on the extended hands. The heart was placed over them in a bed of red petals.

*Well,* Will though, *it's different from a ravenstag this time.* He narrowed his eyes and looked at Hannibal, who had an uncharacteristically boyish smile on his face and looked more smitten than usual. What was his brain trying to suggest him this time?

Will's eyes widened in realization, and then he returned a shy smile. It was Saint Valentine's day!

While he pressed his body against Hannibal and started to kiss him good morning - morning that considering the enthusiastic response was about to get better and better - he mused that it was about time to get an useful hallucination. Hannibal would have gutted him again if he had forgotten, instead of doing that…and *that*…

Will's scattered thoughts were taken back to reality when Hannibal whined in pain.

"Mmm… What?" Will was barely coherent.

"I'm sorry, dear. The thorns.."

Suddenly much more awake, Will said "Why, can you see it too?"

Hannibal looked taken aback "…yes"

Oh, so their shared mind palace was more developed than he expected. *But wait.* Will froze. *That didn't explain the physical pain.* He looked with new horror at the display on the bed, which did not seem to fade. In one single movement he bolted out of the duvet. Hannibal looked puzzled.

"Hannibal… did you bring a body to our bed?"

Hannibal was sitting upright and looked confused by Will's sudden abandonment. "Yes, dear. I wanted to surprise you," he said, and smiled the most guiltless and charming smile.

Looking between Hannibal's smug face and the body still hoozing blood at his side, Will took a decision. "I think we should move to the sofa and continue."

Hannibal looked - if possible - even more smug. Will said "And then we will have breakfast at McDonald's and I will explain you again the proper married cannibal etiquette."

The look of utter horror on his husband's face was indeed worth of the blood on the duvet.

Chapter End Notes

Go and check the original post to find another version of this prompt by @esdesesrt and to discover the similarities between Hannibal and a cat! :D

# Princess

Chapter Summary

Written for the prompt "Princess" of Hannibal Halloween, by @hanni-bunny-lecter and @idontfindyouthatinteresting.
**Characters**: Hannibal, Alana
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: Hannibal is in prison, princess!Hannibal, not beta read

*"I know what you're afraid of. It's not pain or solitude, it's indignity. You're a little bit like a cat that way."*

Alana had assumed that there would not be greater indignity than dressing up Doctor Hannibal Lecter, cannibal and psychiatrist, as a princess. Calling the journalists to feist on his ruined reputation should have been the sweetest part of her revenge.

Apparently she had been wrong, oh so wrong. He was stunning.

Hannibal wore the pink sparkling dress as a second skin, the usual grace in his movement enhanced by the gentle glide of the gown. The short sleeves bared his muscolar arms, and even the heart-shaped scepter gave him a sense of hidden power. Not to mention the make up. God, how the light blush on his cheek underlined the high cheekbones.

Alana watched Hannibal basking in the flashes of the cameras, graciously inclining his crowned head to aknowlege the attentions of the awed crowd.

He saw Alana, and his lips curved in the barest hint of a smile. "Dr Bloom", he said, "I commend your dedication to your promise. In the future I will take example and find equally creative ways to keep mine."

And he gave her a rare full smile, dangerous teeth in stark contrast with the dark ruby lips.

# Over the garden wall AU

Chapter Summary

**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: AU, inspired by fanart, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The cold darkness seeps from every leaf, every rock, every twisted piece of wood Will's lantern can not lighten and thickens behind Will's back. A shiver runs through his spine, anticipation in the contractions of his stomach. He stops walking.

He does not turn.

He relaxes when there are raspy breaths at his ear, the sound identical to the crackling of dead grass.

"Are you ready to see true darkness?" says a voice ancient as the forest. The sound fills the air, the thick accent too old to be recognized. In the dim light, the trees tower over Will, the wood resonating with the low voice.

Unseen by the beast looming over him, Will smiles. He turns and looks into the unending depths of the beast's hungry, red, gorgeous eyes.

"I'm ready."

Chapter End Notes

Check out the original post to see the beautiful art by @emilyena which inspired me :D

# Murder mystery

Chapter Summary

> Written for the prompt "Murder Mystery" of Hannibal Halloween, by @hanni-bunny-lecter and @idontfindyouthatinteresting.
> **Characters**: Hannibal, Will
> **Rating**: General audiences
> **Tags**: crack, post TWOTL, not beta read

The light went down at the gala, a puzzled murmur going through the guests. After few seconds, a metallic voice announced “Ladies and gentlemen, we’re sorry to announce that Lord Whitmore had been found dead in…”

Will glared at Hannibal, the effect wasted in the darkness, and hissed “You promised!”

“Darling…”

Will had nothing of it. “I told you that I like this city. And you had to kill somebody, just because a month wouldn’t be complete without Hannibal the Cannibal on the news!”

“Will.” There was urgency in Hannibal’s whisper, at the mention of the name half of the room had gasped in shock.

“No, don’t ‘Will’ me! What did the poor guy even do? Did he tell you your crimson tie with skulls looks campy? Because it does!”

A man wearing a uniform put a hand on Will’s shoulder. “Excuse me, sir…”

With a practiced movement, Will caught the man’s arm and threw him to the ground. Then he headed for the exit, mumbling, “I could’ve had so many dogs here…”

The lights switched on, and everybody started to scream because of the aching man on the floor. Hannibal had no choice but to hurry after his husband.

-

Two stolen cars and some hundreds of kilometers later, Will felt the rage slipping away.

He glanced at Hannibal, who had not pronounced a word and stood still on the passenger’s seat. Will studied his face. Hannibal was very pale.

Will pulled off the road and asked “Are you alright?”

Hannibal looked at him with empty eyes. After few tense seconds in which Will started to fear for his life, he answered “I understand now that attending the ‘be a detective for one night’ gala was a mistake.”

# How To Train Your Dragon AU

Chapter Summary

Written for the prompt "Dragons" of Hannibal Halloween, by @hanni-bunny-lecter and @idontfindyouthatinteresting.
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will, Will's mother
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: crack, fluff, AU, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Han-ni!” Han-ni!”

The woman stops chatting with the other mothers and turns around towards the voice.

A small kid is stammering in her direction on unsteady legs, showing the world that he has almost mastered the art of walking. He is frowning, clutching something small at his chest, while he advances on wobbly feet towards his mother, almost tripping for the weight of his burden.

He stops besides her, a grin on his earnest face, and he offers the scaly thing to his mum. The woman takes a distracted look, then pales and screams “Duck!”

A burst of flames erupts from the baby dragon that the kid is cradling, nearly missing her hair.

The shocked silence that follows is broken by the happy giggle of the kid. “HAN-NI!”

Chapter End Notes

There were so many possibilities for a How To Train Your Dragon AU; there is potential in the fact that Toothless and Hiccup have matching wounds and can't walk/fly properly on their own, or that Toothless is friendly but potentially deadly.
On the other side, when I realized that Will could own dogs AND dragons in this AU, I went for the tooth rotting fluff :D

# Will's Halloween - Part 1

Chapter Summary

Written for #ThePumpkinIsPeople by @hannibalcreative.
**Characters**: Will, Molly
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: Will and Molly are married, Halloween sweets, Pining, Missing Scene
Beta'ed by j9-j9.

The sunset light enters from the window, gifting a suffuse golden glint to the kitchen, the one always associated to a loving wife and idyllic domesticity. Will stays still by the door, confused for a moment by the warm wood of the table - so difficult to clean - by the blunt knives that Wally can use without any fear of injury, and by Molly herself, laughing in a cloud of flour. She is trying to prepare some kind of pastry, using the discarded pumpkins and with way too much flour. When she hears Will she grins and removes the spatula from the bowl, using her tool to wave at him, oblivious to the batter she is dripping around.

*Everything is fine* Will thinks fiercely, before realising that the sight of his laughing wife preparing the cakes for Halloween should not call for reassurance, and it should not be so difficult to step into the merry kitchen, and kiss his wife, and laugh with her.

He does so anyway, burying deep in his heart the intense ache for the metallic glint of the counter, for knives so sharp he barely felt the bite on his belly, and for maroon eyes which never laugh.

# Will's Halloween - Part 2

Chapter Summary

Written for the #BloodAndBreathFest by @hannigramfanfic.
**Characters**: Will, Hannibal
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: Post TWOTL, Halloween sweets, Domestic Fluff
Beta'ed by j9-j9.

Will Graham did not celebrate Halloween as a kid. He remembers telling Hannibal so in the first month of their acquaintance, when the air between them resonates with the sounds of scary truths and eloquent silences. Hannibal had nodded, an unspoken admission that he did not celebrate it, either.

When his life turned upside down with the force of Hannibal's betrayal, Will understood. At Halloween, when people pretend to be monsters with harmless costumes, real monsters do not drape another mask over themselves; their person suit is enough.

It is for this reason that when Will drags himself into the kitchen in the morning, and the sight of Hannibal elbows deep into a pumpkin greets him, he freezes into place.

The absence of movement prompts Hannibal to look at Will, and there is a sudden hesitance in the way in which he stops his preparations, even while he calmly sustains Will's gaze.

A heartbeat passes when Will simply stares, taking in the tension is Hannibal's tendons, the studied regularity of his breath.

Then Will says, "We are celebrating Halloween," with a small voice that sounds way too hopeful. He grimaces as he hears it; he has revealed too much.

But no sharp retort comes. Instead, Hannibal gifts him one of his rare, warm smiles, and he starts again on the pumpkin.

"Yes, we are celebrating Halloween."

# University AU

Chapter Summary

**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: General Audiences
**Tags**: Drabble, AU, student!Will, professor!Hannibal, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal took the creased handwritten sheets with a curt nod, and started to read. He did not grant Will permission to sit, but he did not attempt to make small talk; Will recognized the professor's high regard in the absence of pretence.

Will sat on Hannibal's desk, earning a disapproving glare. He returned a blank look. Hannibal could bear a breach of his personal space, if he had to wait hours before getting some punctilious corrections. His thesis was perfect; but Hannibal wanted him in his office again.

*"Have me, then,"* Will thought, and took Hannibal's fountain pen to play.

Chapter End Notes

University is messing up with me, this is my way of coping...

# Fairy Godparents

Chapter Summary

Written for the prompt "Fairy Godparents" of HannibalEverAfter, by @thesilverqueenlady.
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: General Audiences
**Tags**: Crack, Cinderella AU, HannibalEverAfter, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello, Will. Dry those tears. You can’t go to the ball looking like that.”

“No need to dry what isn’t here. And the lights from the ball won’t reach me in a million years. Who the hell are you?”

“Your Fairy Godmother, of course.”

“Of course. And I’m the Lost Prince of Atlantis.”

“Hush Will, miracles take concentration.”

ZAP

“What…”

“You look lovely.”

“Give me my clothes back!”

“Silly, you can’t go to the ball in your rugs.”

“My point exactly. I want to pile up with my dogs in my perfectly normal clothes, thank you.”

“About the dogs…”

“…and what are these? Crystal shoes? What on…”

ZAP

“…”

“Now you’re ready.”

“Change. My. Dogs. Back.”

“Put that knife down, sugar. You may get hurt.”

“YOU’RE THE ONE WHO WILL GET HURT IF…”

ZAP

“That’s better, that was dangerous. Come on, honey, that white rose complements your silk dress more than a kitchen tool. Don’t make that face, I’ll transform your dogs back when you’ll return.”

“…*fine*.”

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“Are shoes with hidden blades fashionable now? You should have told me, my hand machete goes with the dress.”

“You were the one who kicked the king, sweetheart. With remarkable precision.”

“Yes, alright, alright, wipe that smug smile off your face. Did you know he was about to murder his daughter?”

“No.”

“…you’re not subtle at all.”

“I hoped, darling. Blood becomes you.”

“It’s also sticky and cold. Magic it away.”

“Are we demanding, now? Tell me, dear…”

“Oh, I’ve the utmost interest in what gets out of your mouth.”

(Kiss)

Chapter End Notes

Princess Abigail survives and the dogs are fine :)

Original post :D

# Sad Hannigram Moment

Chapter Summary

Written for my first AO3 anniversary!
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: post TWOTL, drugs, manipulation, angst, criminally sappy, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will slams Hannibal against the wall. “How did you *dare* ?”

Hannibal looks at him with adoration in his eyes, as he always does. As he did that morning, in bed, when they made love.

Will can not stand it, and punches him in his right eye. The back of Hannibal’s head is trapped against the wall, and Will feels the blow up to his elbow. Hannibal murmurs, “Will…”

He does not make a move to defend himself, and he does not close his eyes.

Will grips his shoulder, bumping him against the wall, and says, “All those years… Living with you, killing with you, lov… fucking you.” He snarls. “Did you feel powerful, knowing you had brainwashed me? Did it fulfil your fucking god complex?”

One tear slips from the corner of Hannibal’s eye and stops over one of the wrinkles. Will kissed him in that exact spot during breakfast, telling him he loved how they got old together. God. Will wants to take the saw and cut the memory out of his brain. He wants to hide it, and treasure it forever.

“Those are the happiest years of my life, my love,” Hannibal says, and breaks Will’s heart.

“Then why…?” Will sobs, giving him one last shake and hiding his face in Hannibal’s neck. As he always does when he needs comfort.

That afternoon Hannibal sat in the sofa without his sketchbook, and stared at him as if his life depended on it. As if he wanted to transfer Will himself into his mind palace.

Will kissed him, not knowing Hannibal was waiting for the moment of understanding. The fraction of second when one betrayal ended, and another began.

Hannibal clutches at him. “Because I couldn’t satisfy myself anymore with the ripples on the surface. I want your entire soul for myself.”

Chapter End Notes

One year ago I posted my first fanfiction on AO3, and - to my great surprise - there were people who enjoyed it. Which meant I kept writing :D
I decided to celebrate the anniversary by taking prompts! If you want something specific to happen in a fic, tell me here :D
There aren’t many rules, but if you have any doubts the guidelines are in this post.
EDIT: Prompts are now closed, but if you want to try your luck I'm still on tumblr :D

As always, thank you for reading :)
Original post :D

# Spanking

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal indulge in some BDSM play.
**Characters**: Will, Hannibal
**Rating**: Mature
**Tags**: BDSM, restraints, spanking, inspired by tumblr, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The restraints around his hands and ankles were padded, so that no hard edges could break Will out of the gentle embrace of the leather.

He tugged on them, just to feel how he was softly, oh so softly, kept in place. The rings clinked, apparently louder and louder, erasing any other sound.

Will closed his fingers into a fist, just to feel the leather shift against his bare skin, feeling the answering pressure even such a tiny movement elicited. He stretched his muscles, tugging again, luxuriating in the inescapable hold.

Will's eyes snapped open as cold fingers touched the small of his back.

"Are you ready?"

His voice sounded far away, and yet so close, as if the vibrations came into words only from within Will's body.

He pushed against Hannibal's touch, feeling his hand shifting down his body, cupping his ass. He shivered, the cold caress breaking through his warm cocoon, bringing his mind back to reality.

He breathed quicker as Hannibal squeezed, knowing what was about to come. One breath in, and Will was left untouched, helplessly writhing; one breath out, and he moaned at the stinging hot spank. Hannibal's cold hand soothed him, as he murmured nonsense in his ear, waiting for Will to come back to him, to his next blow.

Chapter End Notes

I was tempted not to post this one, but this is supposed to be a complete collection! And maybe someone would actually enjoy it.
I feel very wrongfooted here, so criticism is more than welcome. Please be as politely negative as you wish XD

Thank you for reading! There is a fillthy gif that inspired the story in the original post. Check it out, it's awesome.

# Pumpkin Spice

Chapter Summary

Written for the prompt "Pumpkin Spice" of Hannictober 2018.
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: fae!Hannibal, crack, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Will, while I understand how important your free time-”

Before Will could understand where the voice came from, Buster jumped on the carpet and run to the kitchen with something between his teeth.

Will frowned and, with the logic of a man who is suddenly woken up at 3 am, rolled over and started to snore.

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“Will, I would like to bring to your attention that-”

The rest of the sentence was cut off when Will turned around, trying to locate the source of the voice, and the pack of frozen microwave potatoes he was carrying slammed on the table. If there was a crunching noise hidden under the ‘thump’, well, Will didn’t hear it.

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“Please stop.”

Will raised his eyes from his boiling pot of instant noodles and jerked back. On the shelves over the stove there was a tiny man in a suit, staring at him with a determined expression.

“I think it’s time for you to-”

Will took a cautious step forward, extending a hand, but he forgot Winston was sitting in front of him and stepped on his tail. In the resulting hasty retreat Will hit the shelves and something fell in the mushy noodles with a soft ‘splash’.

After Will scratched at length his dog in apology, he stirred the pot. Only noodles. Probably he had been hungry.

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The next day, Will found a note on his table, written in elegant - if small - handwriting.

*‘I assume that the troublesome events of our previous encounters were due to nothing but unfortunate circumstances.*

*I still deem it more efficient to express my distaste by means of a letter. I must inform you that the pumpkin spice you commonly employ is highly offensive.*

*Please allow me to replace it with my homemade recipe - only few ingredients are required. I assure you, this solution will work towards our mutual satisfaction.*

*I’m looking forward to seal our agreement.*

*Sincerely,*

*Hannibal.’*

Will read it thrice, then once again for good measure.

He said aloud. “Wait. So that thing I saw in the kitchen was real and wants to prepare me pumpkin spice latte?”

“I didn’t specify on pumpkin spice latte, but yes, if that’s what you want of course I can prepare it.”

Will stared. The small man was sitting on the highest and remotest shelf of his kitchen.

He blinked, then said, “Please go on. What do you need?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for persevering until the end of this silly thing :)

# Dusk

Chapter Summary

Written for the prompt "Dusk" of Hannictober 2018.
**Characters**: Will
**Rating**: Mature
**Tags**: Fairy tale Elements, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Stone found Will when he was a kid. Splashing in the river, still too young to care about not frightening the fish, the Stone grabbed his jacket and came home with him.
He only found it later, when it crawled out of his pocket with few pine needles and a forgotten faded string. Apparently innocuous, lying on the dusty floor, yet so out of place in its beauty.
Will took it with him.

Perlaceous white under a blue sky, layered with grey shadows when the rain poured, the Stone never failed to seize everyone's eyes. Admiration, sometimes greed. Somewhat bruised, Will learnt to keep it hidden.

Once Will tripped and fell in a muddy puddle. While his clothes were ruined, the Stone was spotless. Still a bit disoriented, he let an old lady help him up.
"Be careful with that jewel. Night won't be kind on you."
But the morning after the Stone was immaculate as usual.

Taking the Stone with him became part of his routine, like brushing his teeth, or picking up his wallet. It was in Will's pocket when he joined the police, it witnessed the leaps of his imagination and stood with him when everyone else was scared. Will touched it sometimes, while walking in the killer's shoes, and felt it humming with approval.

The Stone was again in his pocket the day that Will failed to shoot an armed man, and his own blood bloomed from his shoulder. Feeling drops of salt on his lips, but not perceiving the pain yet, Will punched the man. And then punched him again, and again, even when the gun fell to the ground and the man pleaded for his life.

Only later, when the man stopped moving, Will opened his fist. Inside, smudged with red, the Stone still shone. Will slid on the floor, blood loss and pain finally catching up with him. He knew what colour the Stone was.

It was the colour of Dusk.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, honestly :)

# Gas Chromatography

Chapter Summary

@zigzag-wanderer told me it was hard to make a gas chromatography drabble smutty…
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: Teen and up audiences
**Tags**: Crack, Drabble, Science, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Will."

"Hann- No no no what are you doing here? You must go, now!” Will’s electrons jumped up and away, reaching out for Hannibal.

Rule of eight be damned, Will held back. “What about the others?"

"I only care about you, Will.” Hannibal pushed into Will’s stretched boundary, creating a place for his Oxygen nucleus in the Hydrogen’s core.

“They’ll all die.” Nevertheless, Will accommodated Hannibal’s girth, adjusting to a more stable configuration. “We’ll die."

"No, Will, we’ll change."

They crashed on each other with relief, making a mess of the gas chromatography with the intensity of their wavelength emission.

Chapter End Notes

Using Hydrogen as a carrier makes for a better separation (the GC works faster and the result is clearer), but the risks are higher because of its tendency to react.
Oxygen seems harmless, it's actually pretty dangerous.
Water is one of the most stable molecules; once H and O came together, there are only few energy-intensive methods to separate them. Romantic.
(Yes, I really needed to explain. Forgive me and thank you so much for reading!!!!)

# War Horse

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is a War Horse, old birthday gift for BeginToBlur :)
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: General audiences
**Tags**: AU, Hannibal is a horse, because horses are great

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The blood is slowly dripping over his elbow, but Will does not feel it. All he can feel is the euphoria of the battle still buzzing in his mind, together with a sweet and dark satisfaction, and Hannibal.

Strong, powerful, vicious Hannibal cutting without any resistance through the enemy's lines, harvesting men and ripping throats. Together they painted the world red, teeth and axe blurring in the restless chaos of the battle.

Never has Will felt so free as during the slaughter, and never has he felt so completely in harmony with another soul; and to the broken men still alive on the dirt they appear like one only entity.

A newborn God, radiant in his becoming.

Chapter End Notes

This is only half of the gift; Cinnamaldeide drew the other half.

Considering the Tumblr Apocalypse, I decided to wrap up this work. Hard to write 'tumblr ficlets' if tumblr dies, right?
I'll come up with a different title for my next stories, and I'll post them as part of the 'Short and Whimsical' series.
Hope to see you there :)

# "I kissed Alana"

Chapter Summary

An alternative version for the 'I kissed Alana' scene.
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: Teen and up audiences
**Tags**: Missing Scene, not beta read

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will rang the doorbell, the intense rush of emotion due to Alana's kiss yet to settle, Hannibal was not wearing his waistcoat.

A small but ultimately forgettable detail, if not for his tie, swinging freely over his shirt, just begging to be tethered.

Will swallowed, frozen of the door, mind suddenly blank.

The memory of Alana's soft lips still on his skin.

If kissed, would Hannibal lose his composure? Would he reciprocate with Will’s same abandon?

"Will?"

Concern in his eyes, Hannibal moved closer. Well, Will had already made a mistake today, another one would not make such a difference.

Will seized the piece of fabric.

---

Sweat cooling on his skin, leaving a damp mark on the floor of Hannibal's foyer.

"I kissed Alana Bloom."

The crumpled tie had somehow survived their devastation; Will tugged at it until Hannibal shifted closer, and then a little bit more, just because he could.

"Are you trying to make me jealous?"

Hannibal's voice a soft purr with the smallest hint of a snarl.

"Is it working?"

"Yes"

The tie did not survive round three.

Chapter End Notes

I have other 5 days, don't I? ;)
Thank you for reading!

# “I showed you *insert random thing here* and you’re actually turned on”

Chapter Summary

A failed attempt to write something for the prompt “I showed you *insert sexual thing here* as a joke but you’re actually turned on” sex.
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: Teen and up audiences
**Tags**: Missing scene, not beta read

Chapter Notes

As you can see from the title, I lost some pieces of the prompt here and there. Still a better attempt than Chapter 16, where nobody showed nothing to noone xD
I actually managed to write the thing. I'm posting it before the 17th, I promise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The fire creaked in Hannibal's study, softening the corners of Will's eyes, investing his skin in golden light. Even at rest, the sparkle in his eyes burned bright.

"How was your day, Will?"

The question was out of place, too trivial compared to their careful conversations. But maybe even ancient gods occasionally felt the need for simplicity.

Will's eyes flashed with clarity; a thrill run down Hannibal’s spine. Will had seen the moment of weakness, and was considering how to counteract.

Decision taken, Will slumped down on the armchair, peaceful for now.

"Average. There was this guy, a very simple case. He suffocated his victims."

"Smothering them as they had smothered him."

Will snorted. "No, it wasn't that complex. Believe me or not, occasionally murders aren't rituals, or poetry, or tableaus. Just a plain killing." He caught Hannibal’s eyes, and reached for his bag. "See? They gave me the plastic sheet he used to kill them, just in case there was a hidden meaning, something they missed. Nothing. Trivialities."

Inside, there was a layer of grey plastic, with a barely visible imprint of a hand.

*With my hands.*

The memory of Will's words barged into his mind, uninvited. Maybe it was because they were so comfortable, or maybe it was just Will, but Hannibal could not rein his mind back.

More fantasies disrupted his train of thoughts.

Will holding the grey offending layer over Hannibal’s mouth, choking him. Will pressing him down with his full weight. Will viciously crushing his windpipe, then letting Hannibal take one single breath, only to deny him one moment later. Will dwelling in the violence, prolonging it.

Back to the present, Will was staring at him, the darkness in the blue eyes shielded by the light of the fire.

Calculating.

Hannibal wondered how much he had seen. He unclenched his fists and relaxed his shoulders.

Will inclined his head. "You're awfully base this evening, Doctor Lecter."

He licked his lips, set the bag down and leaned back.

Not uncomfortably.

Hannibal raised and walked between Will's knees, too close for politeness. "Aren't we all, occasionally?"

Will did not flinch. He touched the fabric of Hannibal’s pants instead, skirting over Hannibal's knee, to the flank, to the seam. Dangerously, intimately close to his femoral artery.

Will shook his head, as if to chase a thought away. "You're my psychiatrist. You tell me."

Hannibal kneeled down, breaking momentarily the contact, only to lay his palms on Will’s tights soon after.

"In your case, I believe acting more impulsively may benefit you."

Will laughed, derisively, but his eyes still fond. He did not push Hannibal's hands away.

"As you do?"

Hannibal looked up, and Will's hands came to rest on his shoulders, inches from his neck. Hannibal allowed his rationality to fade, replaced by plain hunger. Will's eyes widened, and he tentatively moved his hands to circle Hannibal's neck. His touch was steady in spite of the contradictory emotions in his eyes.

Pulling down the zipper of Will's hideous pants, Hannibal allowed himself one last word, before swallowing Will down to the root.

"Exactly."

Chapter End Notes

3 days left! I feel inclined to post nsfw stuff on tumblr just because I can, even if those are some very rough drafts.
Thank you for reading!

# Crack Soulmates AU

Chapter Summary

A Soulmates AU where Hannibal's mark is somewhere unfortunate. An idea borrowed from GreenPhoenix.
**Characters**: Hannibal, Will
**Rating**: Explicit
**Tags**: Crack, Married AU, Soulmates, not beta read

Chapter Notes

For GreenPhoenix. Thank you for your constant support! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Careful, gun firmly in his grip, Will listened. Someone breathed heavily on the other side of the door, and someone else gagged. The killer and their victim.

Adrenaline rushed through Will. He turned the handle and broke into the room.

He froze.

He stared.

"Ha- Hannibal." He coughed, finding his voice again. "You're overreacting."

"If I may quote you back to yourself, you told me to 'go fuck anyone else' "

Perfectly calm and level tone, but uneven breathing. Difficult to control your lungs when your victim is choking around your golden magical dick.

"Metaphorically." Will looked with interest at the gold which was expanding from the man's mouth to the rest of his face. "Another Golden Choker case will be hard to explain after all these months."

The golden wave reached the eyes, and the man gagged and went still. Hannibal released his grip on his hair and let the corpse fall to the floor.

"My apologies." He reached towards his still erect and leaking cock, but pretended to hesitate and looked at Will. "Would you..."

The nerve. Will closed his eyes, recalling Jack's orders to his men. They had another ten minutes, probably.

He sidestepped the corpse, unzipping his pants.

"Your hand."

Hannibal's satisfied smirk turned into a grimace. "Darling..."

Will kissed Hannibal's hand, then spitted on it and positioned it around both of their cocks.

He thrusted in. "Did you really think this would be the way to force me into our morning sex?" Thrust out. Hannibal's hair was in disarray. Sexy.

Another push had Will’s toes curling. Hannibal groaned and moved his hand quicker. Will smirked. "You should know better than to piss off the only person whose touch can make you come."

Hannibal snarled, shining eyes and white teeth. "Yet here you are."

Will kissed him, and came.

After some seconds of white bliss, Will zipped himself up. They probably had another five minutes, enough to arrange the body. Not enough for Hannibal's erection to become respectable.

"Yes. And I'll be late covering up your mess, so be a good husband and go home. Cook, or something."

Hannibal held him close, breathing on his neck. "As you say."

He turned, not bothering to zip up his pants, and Will felt a surge of affection towards him. Probably orgasm-induced, but still.

"Hannibal?"

Hannibal turned, four conspicuous gold letters shining on his foreskin. "Yes?"

"I love you."

Chapter End Notes

It's only fitting that I end this collection with this brilliant nonsense initially written by GreenPhoenix!
Thank you for reading. Don't forget to check out the original!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!